The Artist's muse

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The Artist’s muse

by Silvaxus

Summary

01. **Ass Worship** / Spanking / Wax Play

Sometimes Will wasn’t sure if Hannibal was truly aware that Will was an Alpha as well. The way Hannibal seemed unable to keep his hands off Will’s for long.

Notes

Wuhu :D Kinktober!

My Beta for this fic is my friend and sister in trouble Imoshen

See the end of the work for more notes

After they fell of the cliff and into the Atlantic's cold waters, Hannibal was a far more tactile person than Will had expected.

He was used to casual touches from Hannibal; arm, shoulder, back. Not so casual touches on his face and neck during moments of true weakness on Hannibal's side. The fall of a dragon followed by their own ascension changed many things.

After they had emerged from the cold waters they had been altered far beyond what they used to be, mated in old and primal ways of the hunt and blood spilled between them. They killed a dragon for each other.

They hid away until they were healed enough to travel. Will's injured shoulder, Hannibal's gun shot. The FBI wasn't any wiser about their wellbeing and they didn't fear Jack Crawford just like they didn't fear anything the FBI could throw at them.

Best case, the FBI thought them dead, worst case, Jack Crawford would scream bloody murder at them and would raised a mob mit pitchforks and torches to hunt the monsters.

When their injuries were healed enough for them to travel, they made their way to Japan. For such a small island with a high population, it was fairly easy to hide their and enjoy their newly found closeness.

The first time they had sex was neither rushed nor a fictional slow burn. It was intense, heated, bloody. Two alphas going at each other in a different kind of battle.

It was another form of hunting and the teeth marks decorating their necks were only an illustration in flesh of their already existing mating bond. They were one in mind and soul and so being one in flesh was just the last step.

To Will's great amusement, this last step rattled Hannibal's foundation of iron clad control to its core.

Hannibal became unable to keep his hands off Will, even more so than before, but especially Will's ass became the desire number one of Hannibal's fixation.

Will stood in their kitchen, huge for japanese standards, preparing coffee when Hannibal pressed himself against Will's side. Nose buried under Will's jaw to take in his scent, one hand splayed over Will's ass and the other resting above the gruesome smile-like scar on his stomach.

Hannibal hummed low against Will's skin while Will dipped his head aside to give Hannibal more room, more skin to scent. Moment like this made Will think that Hannibal sometimes would prefer him as an Omega or seemed to forget that Will was, just like him, an Alpha.

"Would you prefer it if I were Omega, Hannibal?"

Sharp teeth nipping at his jugular while the hand his ass squeezed the jeans-clad flesh.

“No, you are perfect as you are, Will.”

Another sharp nip and strong squeeze before Hannibal pulled back, and Will accepted Hannibal’s answer.

One morning, the sun was flooding their bedroom with golden light, Will woke up to the sound of coal scratching over paper.

Opening his eyes, Will blinked against the bright light before he looked over his shoulder at Hannibal.

Hannibal only wore the silky pants he usually wore to bed, sketch book in his lap while his eyes wandered between his block and the bed.

It took Will far longer than usual to realize why Hannibal seemed to spend his waking hours to draw Will.

He was bathed in sunlight coming from the open balcony doors and the soft but thin sheets barely covered Will’s naked body at all.

They had spent the last night in a tangle of limbs and sweat while Hannibal made it his mission to drive Will insane with his mouth, his hands, his cock...before Hannibal pulled down his knot and forced an orgasm from Will’s body that turned his mind blank and white.

Will could still feel the evidence of last night on his skin; dried cum between his legs and he could still feel how lose he was from Hannibal fucking him for what felt like hours.

Looking at his mate who was completely captured by his art, Will chuckled to himself and pulled his pillow under his chest, propping himself up while the sheet left his back bare and covered half his ass. A tease and a temptation at once and Will knew that it would only be a matter of time before Hannibal broke.

Warm and comfortable in the sun and their bed, Will allowed his mind to clear itself and just focus on the sound of coal over paper when he pulled his hand out from under the pillow.

The sound of coal on paper stopped for a moment before it started again.

Smiling into his pillow, Will let his hand wander downwards and closed his fingers around his erection and the rough skin of his hand offered enough teasing friction to make him huff against his pillow.

He starting to thrust into his hand, shallow thrusts that offered enough to get Will all hot and bothered over time but his main goal was to distract Hannibal.

The growl coming from Hannibal made Will grin and he didn’t even have to fake the moan spilling from his lips when he rubbed over his already growing knot.

The sound of coal on paper stopped but Will pushed the sound to the background of his mind. He let go of his cock and reached behind himself with pre-cum wet fingers.

The angle wasn't ideal but enough to push two of his fingers into his hole.

The sheets were warm and soft against his arm when he started to thrust his fingers into his still stretched and wet hole. Hannibal hadn't been satisfied with taking Will only once last night.

He barely had time for a couple of thrusts with his fingers before the sheet was pulled away and Hannibal's warm weight pressed him down.

"You messed up my drawing with your teasing, darling."

Hannibal sounded as playful as Will felt and so offering his neck in playful submission was an easy thing to do.

Sharp teeth held Will down without breaking the skin while Hannibal pushed the soft, cool material of his pants down.

Panting in excitement, Will opened his legs wider to give Hannibal more room and with Will held in position by sharp teeth Hannibal could use his hands to spread Will's cheeks apart before he pushed into Will's fluttering hole without warning.

Moaning, Will pushed back into the warm hands still holding him open and he imagined stains of black coal on his skin and asked himself if Hannibal was going to add them to his drawing.

For a single moment Hannibal tightened his bite before he released Will from his teeth and pulled back until he was kneeling between Will's legs.

The strength Hannibal showed to pull Will up and into his next thrusts was something Will enjoyed every time. A feat of strength from his mate who took pleasure and enjoyment from him in the most carnal way.

The fact that Hannibal was still holding him open and was watching how Will's body opened up while Hannibal fucked him was enough to make even Will blush.

This reaction seemed to please Hannibal because he growled deeply, the sound of a pleased Alpha, before he pulled out suddenly.

A sound between a desperate cry and an enraged snarl left Will's lips when he turned around to glare at his mate.

Hannibal only smiled at him, all charm and sophistication, while he arranged Will's body on the bed to his liking.

“Behave yourself now my darling and I will keep you full and satisfied for the rest of the day.”

Showing Hannibal his teeth was nothing more than just a juvenile kind of annoyance for his denied pleasure but when Hannibal sealed his promise with a sharp nip to the soft flesh of Will’s ass, Will closed his eyes and allowed himself to fall into the sounds of coal on paper and sunlight on his skin.

End Notes

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